

Stoick the Second

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He was pacing. The pacing was the only thing that was keeping him calm. Walking back and forth in the living room was the only thing he could do, even if it was driving the others mad. In fact, it was the reason why he was sent just outside the room. He could not keep still and his nerves were not making the situation any calmer for the women just on the other side. He tried to sit down once, but the bouncing of his knee and the fiddling of his hands were more annoying than his constant tapping of his metal foot as he continued to walk by them. It also helped drive the screams down from the other room.

Inside that, other room was the main reason why they were all gathered in his house in the first place. It was also, why he was on the edge with his nerves. She went into labor too early. A month and ten days too early to be exact, but his mentor tried to keep the male level headed by telling the lad that he pulled the same stunt with his parents and he turned out fine. In between the screams the advice did help, however when his wife broke the silence once again he jumped and regained his balance thanks to the help of his best friend.

He wanted to cry in frustration. All the stats and comments that he heard were circling inside his brain. It was making him even more paranoid. He ran his fingers through his hair and held in more of his frustrated sighs, even though it was clearly visible through his body

language. His dragon tried to ease his spirits by nuzzling his arm and for a moment, it worked. The soon to be father settled down enough and began to pet the Night Fury.

"It will be all right Hiccup."

The chief sighed, "Maybe, but Gobber it's a month early and you know the circumstances when these things happen." Toothless cooed trying to make his rider happy.

Gobber made it over to where he stood and put his hand on his slim shoulder, "Aye, but that's Astrid in there we are talking about. You know how tough she is and it is your kid. It's part of the great Haddock line. You bloke have come out of worse possibilities than this."

He pulled out a small smile and flashed it towards the older male. Taking a deep sigh, he calmed himself and believed in the black smith's words. "I guess I should be in there."

"It is tradition."

Hiccup strolled over to the bedroom door, but when he reached for the handle, it swung open for him. Taken back he looked up and saw a familiar face of an older woman.

"Mom."

"Hiccup," she said in a hush tone. She moved to one side holding the door for her son. "You need to be in here."

"How's the baby? And Astrid how is she?" So many questions raced through his mind and all the mother could tell him was.

"You need to go in there."

His worried green eyes met her seldom one and he did not waste any more time in the doorway.

The young chief did not worry about the mess that happened in the bedroom. All he saw was his wife being cleaned up from the aftermath and one of the midwives holding a very small bundle, smaller than the rags that were being carried out.

His first instinct was to meet his wife, but the midwife stopped him. He stared at her in anger, but when glancing at what she was holding it transformed into shock and a pinch of terror.

Quietly, so quite that he barely heard her, she asked him, "Do you want to hold him?"

"Him?"

She nodded and passed the infant off to the new father. Petrified and with care he held the small bundle of the child. His green eyes looked over his child's form. The babe's head was smaller than a grapefruit as the famous Haddock red hair wisped over it. His eyes were closed, but when he in took a gulp of air the father could see the same shade of blue as his mother's. His cheeks were blushed with red along with the tip of his slim nose. The only thing that was

missing was the sound of the child's powerful screams indication how strong his lungs were. Hiccup never took that in account, he was too wrapped up in the fact that he had a son. A son.

"Astrid," he called. When he took a glance at her direction, he saw that she was still being cleaned up. He went back to his son and started to inspect him. His small chest was rising and falling so quickly that he wondered if it was natural for newborns to do such a thing. Carefully he moved the infant's head in the crook of his elbow and watched as his tiny face scrunched up in discomfort during the transition. Quickly he shushed at his child not to cry and was very pleased when he settled down back to his heavy breathing. Hiccup sighed in relief and smiled down at his babe. One of his small hands peaked out of the blanket he was wrapped in catching the eye of his father. Gently he took his larger hand and held the smaller one. The infant's hand only could hold onto his father's pinky finger and dear old dad finally realized just how tiny his son was. His newborn's fingernails were only the size of a half grain of rice. It was more than what Hiccup could have ever imagined. To be honest he never imagined being a father until now.

"What should I name you little guy?" he softly asked his son almost hoping that he would give him an answer. The little tike continued to keep his pace of breathing as his response.

Hiccup's mother continued to stand in the doorway when Gobber came up to her.

"Well what is it?" the black smith asked.

"A boy. She delivered a baby boy," he voice was low and she ignored Gobber's happy cheers to the announcement.

When he saw the new grandmother was not as happy as he was a horrible feeling began to settle in the pit of his stomach. "What's wrong Valka?"

The woman sighed and tried to hold back her tears, "we don't think he'll make it."

The other Viking had a horror look on his face as he turned to look inside the bedroom, "Do they know?"

Valka shook her head and watched as Astrid was moved back onto the bed. "I'll tell them when they're alone. They deserve a few minutes as a family."

He agreed and it was just a matter of time until the news was broken to the new parents.

Astrid laid in bed and when the other women started to leave she called out to her husband. When he came closer, she wanted to cry. It was the first time that she got a good look at her baby. With the glimpse she received, all she saw was bright red hair and was it ever red. Hiccup smiled and she could hardly contain hers as she was passed her small babe. The blonde held her child with such tenderness that it looked so natural to the father. As the new mother held her baby, the first thing she noticed was his heavy gasp of air that he made, trying to hold onto a breath. The dots connected when she realized exactly what the other's whispers were about and Astrid

wanted to break down and cry. She was too absorbed in her own thoughts that she missed what Hiccup had said.

"I'm sorry what?"

"We have a son. You gave us a little boy Astrid."

She looked down at the little boy and smiled, hoping her tears would not fall. "A little son with your jaw line."

They both chuckled slightly and he got the courage to speak, "I thought of a name."

"Hiccup," the parents turn their heads to the door to see Valka, Gobber, and Toothless walking in the room.

The chief smiled at the crew. "Mom," he started, "we have a son. You're a grandma."

"That's fantastic son," she said as Gobber did the same.

He thanked them and continued, "I was just about to tell Astrid my thoughts on a name."

"Oh?" Both elder Vikings glance at one another wondering when they should tell the lad.

Hiccup nodded, "Yeah, I um I was thinking about naming him Stoick." He bowed his head not wanting to meet his mother's gaze. Instead, he looked at his struggling babe. "Stoick the Second to be precise." He touched his son's head brushing the wisp of hair he had back.

"Hiccup."

"Lad I-"

"It's a wonderful name," Astrid chimed in before the others had a chance to say anything as she smiled at her husband.

He beamed, "You think so?" When she gave her nod of approval the dragon rider became more ecstatic and told their son, "you hear that little guy your name is Stoick. Stoick the Second. Now you have a lot to live up to your grandfather's!"

While her son was rambling to his offspring about his new name, Valka was going to tell the couple her own opinion on the situation. She stopped though when the new mother looked at her and the grandmother could tell that she already knew the chances of her child. With all her might, Valka pulled out her confidence to say her next words, "I'm sure he'll live up to the name." Her own son stopped his speech to his child to beam at her and she walked up to the small family to get a good look at her grandson. She only looked for a few good moments before she excused herself.

The new father gave a puzzled look towards his fleeing mother, but Gobber assured him that he'll go after her. The chief nodded and went back to his wife and child. Toothless walked up to the bed to see the small being, but when he sniffed at him he quickly look at his friend and the mate wondering if they realized what was happening. When it

seemed like that his rider did not, he tried to tell him. However, his message never got across to the human and Hiccup ended up sending the dragon packing before he destroyed something or disturbed the babe.

Hiccup shook his head, "Wonder what got into him." His attention was drawn to his son once more and he grinned. The little guy was still silent during the whole commotion. He put a hand on his head and happily boasted, "You see that Astrid he's not even scared of dragons. Seems like he already has the Haddock spirit when it comes to them. He did not make a peep with all the noise Toothless made. Actually he hasn't even cried yet, already living up to your name huh Stoick."

"That's because he's struggling to breathe Hiccup!" she yelled at him while crying. She could not keep it inside any longer, especially with all his blind happy demeanor to what was really going on. She could not take it anymore. He was confused and hurt by her outburst, but she continued, "He's been doing it since he came out of me. You have to be blind to see that this is not normal. Hiccup this is not right for newborns. I don't think he's-"

"NO!" he screamed knowing what his wife was going to say. He stood up and continued, "Don't you dare say that! He's going to make it. He's a Haddock. He has our blood running through his veins and he's strong just like his grandfather. He's not going to." He could not even speak anymore the words finally choking up on him. He looked at his wife and child. He was on the verge of tears and when she saw this, she reached out and held his hand. He would not look at her and with his head bowed; she had to maneuver hers to get a good look at him. He pleaded with her, "He has to make it Astrid. I mean he already made it this far right?"

She nodded, bringing her baby closer and trying not to concentrate the shallow breaths that he continually took. Hiccup sat back down next to them and held the mother and son close. He gently held Stoick's tiny head in the palm of his hand as his thumb gently stroked the top of it. In a whisper, he tried to convince them all, that he'll make it.

The sun began to rise signaling a new day on the shores of Berk. Clouds already began to cover up the beautiful bright blue sky and the dragons that inhabit on the island started to stir. All the households soon followed, all but one. The one on the hill next to the Great Hall was silent. For not even a few hours past that the small family that lived there had to say goodbye to their new addition. Stoick the second's breathe slowed down to a halt just hours after his birth. He left his grieving family with no answers as to why it happened, a mother who blamed herself, and a father who tried to be strong for everyone like a chief would. It only proved a more difficult task when Hiccup realized that Stoick never even got halfway through the night.

A/n: I wrote this because of a challenge on Tumblr (come up with a sad headcanon) and I think I succeeded. Please read and review.

End
file.